

[9.3]The First Temptation of Daphne

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Transcript {Nick Hartley}

Act One

RECIPE FOR DISASTER

Scene One - Frasier's Apartment.

Niles is setting the table for dinner. The doorbell sounds before Daphne answers it. Martin, weighed down with hunting gear, is revealed.

Daphne: Hey!

Martin: [*grumbling*] Thanks, Daph.

Niles: He-hey, Dad!

Eddie runs to him.

Martin: Hey, boy. You missed me, huh?

Daphne: So, how was your trip, Mr. Crane?

Martin: Oh, the hunting was awful. I didn't bag a damned thing.

[hangs up his coat] Duke and I sat there for two days just waiting for something to happen. It's like when Frasier took me to see "Nicholas Nickleby." Thank God this time I had a gun!

Niles: Dinner is almost ready. Shall I set you a place or would it make you feel better to go out and shoot your own eggplant?

Martin sits down before Frasier enters through the front door, looking characteristically annoyed and bewildered at Martin's hunting gear, which are laid on the floor.

Frasier: Dad, what have I told you about bivouacking in the entrance way?

Martin: I'm sorry.

Frasier: Well, how was your hunting trip?

Martin: Oh, came home empty-handed.

Frasier: Oh, dear. I guess that means for the next several weeks we'll hear you grouse about the grouse and carp about the carp. [*laughs at his own joke as he carries Martin's bags over to the hallway*]

Niles: You've been working on that, haven't you?

Frasier: Well, there was traffic!

Frasier exits to Martin's room with the bags in tow. A ping is then heard from the kitchen.

Niles: Oh, Daphne - I have to take the roast out of the oven. I need the recipe for the glaze. Could you get it? It's in my briefcase; in the "Burnt Sienna" colored folder.

Daphne: No problem.

Niles exits to the kitchen. She looks at Martin.

Martin: Brown. But don't tell anyone I know that.

Daphne follows his instructions. Frasier re-enters.

Frasier: Dad - sorry to hear your trip was a bust.

Martin: Oh, it's all right, it wasn't so bad. You know, the worst day of hunting still beats the best day of working.

Frasier: You don't work either!

Daphne, holding the folder, walks downstage. Something seems to take her attention.

Martin: You don't think it's work talking to you? Duke, on the other hand, is a lot of fun. You know he can fit twenty-seven marshmallows into his mouth at one time.

A cricket is heard distinctly from within the apartment. Daphne and Frasier look around.

Frasier: What was that?

Martin: What was what?

The cricket sounds again. Frasier flinches.

Frasier: That! That's a cricket.

Martin: How did that get in here?

Frasier: It must have stowed away in your gear; get rid of it!

Martin: Oh, don't worry - Eddie'll take care of it. Terriers are born hunters. [puts him down] Go get him, boy.

Eddie responds to Martin's orders by chasing his tail round and round and round and...

Reset to: Kitchen

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, Niles has taken the roast out of the oven. Daphne enters looking rather uneasy, evidently from reading his files.

Daphne: So.... This woman is in love with you.

Niles: [concentrating on the roast] What?

Daphne: Heather Murphy. Says right here she's obsessed with you.

Niles: [realizing] Oh, wrong file - you're not supposed to look at that.

Daphne: Yeah, I can see why. And when were you planning on telling me about this?

Niles: [out of pure honesty] Em, never. [taking the files] These are session notes, they're confidential.

Daphne: But she is in love with you?

Niles: First of all I can't discuss the woman in this file... which, by the way, is clearly umber and not "Burnt Sienna!" I can tell you that it's very common for patients to displace feelings they have for someone else onto their psychiatrist. It's called transference. So even if a patient thinks she

might be in love with me, she really isn't. And usually those feelings disappear as therapy progresses. Okay?

Daphne: Okay.

Pause.

Daphne: So how did she tell you? Did she come on to you? Did she try and kiss you?

Niles: I can't tell you.

Daphne: All right. I understand. Your little secret.

Niles waves his hands apologetically.

Daphne: Just blink. Once for yes and twice for no.

Frasier enters in search of the dreaded cricket. Martin enters with him.

Frasier: I think it's coming from in here.

Niles: What?

Frasier: Dad has brought home a cricket!

Niles: [*genuine fear*] A cricket?! Get behind me, Daphne.

Frasier sees something on the floor.

Frasier: Everybody freeze! Don't-move-a-muscle.

Frasier, with small gestures, points to its position of the floor. Suddenly he makes his move. He stamps. Everyone holds their breath. Frasier removes his foot before proudly announcing...

Frasier: Well, I hope that cricket saw what I just did to this toasted almond!

Frasier exits as the rest peer over the squashed nut.

FADE OUT

Scene Two - Café Nervosa.

Frasier, munching away at a scone, is whining to Roz about the cricket. They are sat at a front table.

Frasier: I tell you, Roz, it was the worst night of my life. Just as I begin to doze off, the damned cricket would start strigilating again. Honestly, have you any idea what it's like to be awoken intermittently throughout an entire night?!

Roz: I have a three-year-old, I can't remember the last time I slept through a night.

Frasier: Yes, of course, but this constant chirping and chirping, over and over - really, you can't imagine it.

Roz: Really? Did the cricket crawl into bed with you? Did the cricket throw up on you?

Frasier: Gee, I wish I had a three-year-old so I could win every argument!

Daphne enters the café and greets Frasier and Roz.

Roz: Hey, Daphne.

Daphne: Hey, Roz.

Frasier: Oh, hi, Daph.

Daphne: Dr. Crane. [*sits with them*] Oh, that scone looks good.

Frasier: Yes, well, it's all right. They call it "Nervosa Berry," but

I'm convinced it's just yesterday's banana. I have half a mind to have a discussion with someone about it.

Daphne: [*agreeable*] You should. [*here's the reason why*] So what do you know about transference?

Frasier: Hm? Oh, more than most.

Daphne: Is it true that patients can actually fall in love with their therapists?

Frasier: Oh, yes, yes, as a matter of fact it's quite common. You see, in a therapeutic setting a doctor's empathy can be misconstrued as romantic interest, especially when the patient is of a particularly vulnerable nature.

Daphne: But therapists never return those feelings, right?

Frasier: [*contemplating, perhaps with Diane in mind*] Well, they're not supposed to. But it does happen. Eh, well, I mean, think about it, really, it's... we are human. Transference can be very, very powerful. I remember back in my days of private practice, uh, I did have my share of female adulation.

Roz: Oh my God, were you able to cure them?

Frasier: [*gives her a look*] I'm not a miracle worker, Roz!

Roz smells the scone - evidently wishing to get rid of him for a while.

Roz: Do you smell bananas?

Frasier: I knew it! You smell it too! [*to a passing waiter*] Excuse me. This day-old scone is fooling no-one. [*the waiter passes, Frasier stands in anger*] Don't you walk away from me. Don't you dare walk away from me.

Frasier chases the waiter offstage into the kitchen.

Roz: Okay, so who is she?

Daphne: Who's who?

Roz: Niles' patient?

Daphne: All right. I saw one of his files by mistake. The woman is madly in love with him.

Roz: So who is she?

Daphne: Her name is Heather Murphy.

Roz: Heather, huh? That's trouble. What else do you know?

Daphne: That's it. I only got a quick look at the files.

Roz: So what are you going to do?

Daphne: Nothing. Niles said he can't talk about his patients. So, what choice do I have? I should trust him.

Roz: If I found out some babe was after my guy I would have to know everything about her. What she looks like, her profession, what she's being treated for.

Daphne: Yeah, I don't think that's relevant.

Roz: What if she's a sex addict?

Daphne: You can be treated for that?

Roz: [*cynical*] So they say.

FADE TO:

CLASH OF THE TITANS

Scene Three - Frasier's Apartment.

The cricket is heard. When the scene fades in, Frasier is battering the kitchen worktops with a fly swatter.

Frasier: [*unsuccessful*] Damn it!

Martin enters, evidently used to his hunt madness by now.

Martin: Oh, geez, are you still at it? Why don't you go in your room? You won't even hear the thing if you close the door.

Frasier: Close my door?! And just concede defeat. I know, here's a better idea: I'll just move out and let him have the run of the place! That's good, I'll have two apartments; One for me, one for my cricket! *[off Martin's look]* I tried closing my door, I can still hear it.

It sounds again.

Frasier: Dear God, can't you make him shut up?!

Martin: That prayer doesn't get answered around here!

They enter the living room.

Frasier: This is your fault! You're the one who brought him here.

Martin: *[sits]* What's the big deal? If you were paying a ton of money to stay in some country inn, you'd be loving the sound of crickets.

Frasier: Yes, well, I love a babbling brook too, but it doesn't mean I want one surging through my condo! I'm calling an exterminator.

Martin: No, you can't do that! The chemicals are too dangerous for Eddie.

Frasier: All right, fine. You have twenty-four hours to get that intruder out of here or I'm calling, Eddie or no Eddie!

Once again, the cricket makes his noise.

Frasier: *[looking around the room, incensed]* It taunts me!

FADE TO:

Scene Four - Niles' Bedroom at the Montana.

Daphne is sitting up in bed wearing a black teddy whilst Niles is getting undressed. She still has worry written on her face.

Daphne: So, how was your day?

Niles: Fine. Thank you.

Daphne: Why don't you tell me about it?

Niles: What do you mean?

Daphne: You know, couples come home, they talk about their day. Why don't you ever want to share?

Niles: Well, I-I... suppose I'm not used to it.

He sits down on the bed while taking off his shoes.

Niles: Maris always needed silence to cope with her chronic migraines, Mel couldn't talk because she'd be wearing the moulds from her teeth bleaching kit.

Daphne: Well, I'm interested. Why don't you tell me something about your day?

Niles: Okay. Let me think. *[suddenly, excited]* I saw the best pair of driving gloves!

Daphne: *[less interested than him]* That's good. Anything else?

Niles: I had a cob salad for lunch. *[beat]* You're right, that was fun. *[stands]* Okay, I'm going to go; brush my teeth. I'll be right back.

Niles exits to his en-suite bathroom.

Daphne: *[still anxious]* Okay.

Daphne turns on the television to take her mind off of the situation. Mary Hart is presenting "Entertainment Tonight." A Julia Roberts press photo can be seen.

Hart: Julia Roberts just signed on for twenty million dollars to play a woman who falls in love with her psychiatrist. Of course, she gets him in the end. Sound familiar, Daphne?

Julia Roberts's photo is exchanged for one of Daphne, who gapes at the television.

[N.B. The photo used was an old press photo of Jane Leeves from season five.]

Hart: Look in the briefcase, I know I would. And now let's hear the details...

Daphne, realizing her subconscious at work, quickly turns off the television. She stares longingly at Niles' briefcase, but reaches for a magazine instead.

She opens the magazine just to find a picture of a briefcase and the words "JUST OPEN IT" stamped underneath it. She closes the magazine with confusion. She cannot resist any longer.

Daphne gets out of bed, walks to the briefcase and begins to open it. However, she is interrupted by Niles re-entering wearing his dressing gown. Daphne quickly turns around and sighs.

Daphne: Oh, thank God.

Niles: [looks up] What? [smiles]

Daphne: [covering] I missed you.

Niles: Mmm. I missed you too.

They kiss and hug. Something vibrates at his waist.

Niles: Oh, my beeper's going off.

Daphne: [seductive] Well, let's see what we can do about that.

Niles: It could be an emergency.

Niles takes the beeper out of his pocket and reads the note.

Daphne: Who is it?

Niles: [pulls out of the hug] Ooh, uh, it's a patient.

Daphne: That woman?

Niles: I really can't talk about it. Daphne, I'm sorry, I may be a while.

He exits to the hallway.

Daphne goes to the briefcase and slowly opens it. She checks that Niles is well out of sight before she removes the documents and takes them onto her lap. She reads with frightened interest.

End of Act One

Act Two

Scene One - Frasier's Apartment.

The following day, Frasier has been trying to have a nap on the sofa as Martin awakens him. He is holding a shoe-box.

Frasier: I was trying to. I'm attempting to re-arrange my schedule.

Apparently, His Royal Chirpy-ness is nocturnal, so I have to be as well.

Martin: Well, I've got the answer to the problem right here in this box. [*lays it down on the table*]

Frasier: What, we couldn't squash him with the shoes we already own?

Martin: [*taking jacket off*] Not shoes. Eddie's vet told me to get a gecko. It's a cricket-predator. You know, like you get ladybugs to eat aphids, if somebody would let me grow tomatoes on the terrace!

Frasier: Dad, I told you, it's a condo board regulation: no fruiting plants.

Martin: Whatever. Anyway, just give me a half-an-hour and I'll have that pesky cricket out of the kitchen and inside this gecko.

Frasier: I see. So we set a lizard loose to catch the cricket?

Martin: Mmm-hmm.

Frasier: Then what? [*Martin looks confused*] We get an owl to eat the gecko?! Then we get a tiger to eat the owl? [*pause*] What eats the tiger, Dad, tell me that!

Martin: An alligator, for one, smart guy! But that's not going to happen and you know why? Because we'll put a little harness on the gecko so it doesn't run away.

Frasier: [*sarcastic*] Oh, this just gets better and better.

Martin goes over to the small table outside the kitchen. He searches in the drawer.

Martin: I thought I had some twine here.

Frasier: Well, I used it to stabilize a veal shank. Why don't you just make a little harness out of, uh... the dental floss.

Martin: Hey, that's not bad!

Frasier: I wasn't serious... not my cinnamon waxed!

But it's too late and Martin's left.

FADE TO:

**WHICH FLOOR IS THE
"OTHER WOMAN"
DEPARTMENT?**

Scene Two - Heather Murphy's Office Building.

Roz and Daphne are riding the elevator to Heather's floor.

Daphne: I've changed my mind, I can't go through with this.

Roz stops her from pressing the buttons.

Roz: You have to, Daphne. You know you're not going to sleep until you see what this Heather looks like.

Daphne: I thought I'd feel better once I'd got a look at her file, instead I feel worse. She's successful, well travelled, well educated, what if she's gorgeous too?

Roz: Daphne, you've got this all built up in your head. Once you see her, you'll know what you're up against.

Daphne: I suppose. But what if we get caught?

Roz: We lie.

Daphne: I'm a terrible liar.

Roz: Listen up. Lying is all about confidence. As long as you're confident, people will believe anything you tell them.

Daphne: Are you sure?

Roz: Frasier thinks I'm at the copy machine right now!

Daphne looks gobsmacked as the door opens. Roz enters, confidently, and goes towards the assistant. Daphne follows nervously.

Roz: Excuse me, we're looking for Heather Murphy.

Assistant: This is her office. And you are?

Roz: Her two 'o clock!

Assistant: [checks computer] I don't have anything on the books.

Roz: This is unbelievable. [to Daphne] Make a note: Re-evaluate all scheduling procedures, C.C. all department heads.

Assistant: Heather'll be back in five minutes if you want to wait.

Roz: Oh, we'll wait. In the meantime, two coffees, cream with sugar, think you can handle that?!

Assistant: [scared] Yes.

Roz: We'll be in her office. Let's go.

Roz exits to Heather's office. Daphne simply cannot move, she simply stands behind looking fearful at the assistant.

Roz: [shouts in a style we'll now call Lana-esque] NOW!

Daphne and the assistant both jump off their feet. She enters the office whilst he runs to the coffee machine.

Daphne: You know, I think coffee might make me more nervous.

Roz: We're not going to drink it. I'm just trying to buy some time so that we can look around. She's got to be in one of these pictures somewhere.

They pick up a photo on her desk.

Daphne: There's a lot of people there. Which one do you suppose she is?

Roz: [referring to a woman who has just appeared at the entrance to the office] I think it's the one who looks like her.

Heather Murphy walks over to them.

Heather: Excuse me, can I help you?

Roz: We flew in from corporate for a meeting which the geniuses in your department managed to screw up. I don't know what kind of monkey business is going on around here, but we are this close to shutting this entire branch down.

Heather: How could you fly in from corporate? Corporate's downstairs!

Roz suddenly loses her confidence and flees from the office back to the elevator.

Heather: I'm calling security. Who are you?

Daphne: Who am I? [with growing dignity and confidence] Who am I?

Roz: [Lana-esque] JUST RUN!

She does - past a very confused assistant carrying two coffees.

FADE TO:

Scene Three - Frasier's Kitchen.

That evening, Frasier and Martin are sat on the kitchen stools. Frasier is wearing an oven mitt for protection, while Martin is holding a trail of dental floss connected to a gecko on the floor. So, business as usual then...

Frasier: It's asleep, Dad.

Martin: No, it's not.

Frasier: Really, he hasn't twitched his tail for two minutes.

Martin: That's because he's lulling him into a false sense of security. The most dangerous part of a gecko is its mind.

Long Pause.

Frasier: What-are-you-talking-about? A gecko's brain is, like, this big. [*holds his thumb and fore finger apart by less than an inch*]

Martin: Yeah, but a cricket's brain is only this big. [*holds his thumb and forefinger touching each other*]

Frasier: All right, fine. Where were we?

Martin: [*thinks a moment, then*] Ann Margaret.

Frasier: You cannot just blurt out "Ann Margaret" like that. I'm sorry, we can only take ten women to Love Island, all right? We have to put a little thought into this. I'll tell you who makes my list: that dark haired temptress who works at the bookstore.

Martin: [*smiling*] Lisa.

Frasier: You know her name?

Martin: Are you kidding?

Frasier: All this time you've been going down there, I... I thought you belonged to some kind of book club.

Martin: Oh, there's a club all right! You know, she got a belly ring last week.

Frasier: [*off in a fantasy*] That's fantastic!

Martin: [*stands*] Here, hold onto this for a minute, will ya, while I grab a beer?

Frasier: Sure.

Frasier takes control of the dental floss as Martin moves to the refrigerator. Suddenly, the floss springs taut.

Frasier: Ooh, Dad, Dad! He's making his move, I can feel him!

Martin: Oh, all right, give him a little play!

Frasier: [*reels out the thread*] Right, I am doing...

Martin: A little more-

Frasier: Right.

Martin: A little more-

Frasier: Right.

The cricket makes its noise. Then suddenly it is ceased by the sound of crunching.

Martin: He got him! Reel him in! Not too fast now, not too fast, you don't want to tug at it.

Frasier: I can't believe this worked. That was amazing! [*picks up the gecko with his protected hand*]

Martin: Oh great work, buddy.

Frasier: Thanks, Dad.

Martin: I meant the gecko.

Frasier: Yes, yes, of course. [*to gecko*] Good job, well done. [*places him back into the box*]

Martin: Will you be using this floss anymore?

Frasier: [*gives him a look*] I think we'll just let him keep it, all right?

Martin: Okay.

Frasier: There we go. In you go, little man. Congratulations. [*puts the lid on*] Well, that's it.

Martin: Yeah. Cricket's dead.

Frasier: Gosh, even though I am savoring the newfound silence, I, uh, sort of miss the excitement of the hunt.

Martin: Yeah, well, all right.

Martin begins to exit.

Frasier: You know, Dad... [*Martin returns*] Were you aware that the male cricket chirps in order to attract the female cricket?

Martin: Wow... and that cricket was doing an awful lot of chirping.

Frasier: Are you thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?

Martin: There might be another cricket.

Frasier: There might be more than one. I'd hate to go to bed and then have to get up again.

Martin: Probably we should just play it safe.

Frasier: Release the gecko.

Martin: Yes!

Frasier puts on the oven mitt again as Martin re-opens the box - both content with their newfound excitement.

FADE TO:

Scene Four - Niles' Office.

Niles is doing some reading as Daphne knocks on his door.

Niles: Well, this is an unexpected treat.

Daphne: Niles, I have something to tell you.

Niles: Is it that I'm the sexiest man you've ever known?

Daphne: No. [*beat*] I mean yes you are, yes, but that's not why I'm here.

Niles: Is something wrong?

Daphne: Well sort of. [*carefully*] It's about Heather Murphy.

Niles: Daphne, I've told you. I cannot talk about my patients.

Daphne: You don't have to. I found out by myself.

Niles: [*thoughtful pause*] Did you look in my briefcase?

Daphne nods. She is on the brink of tears.

Niles: [*angry*] You read her file?!

Daphne: I know, I know, it's bad.

Niles goes to the door and closes it for some privacy. He raises his voice. He feels passionate about his work.

Niles: Those files are confidential. How could you?

Daphne: Look, before you get going, you should probably know...

Niles: No, there is no excuse. That is the worse thing you could have done!

Daphne: You would think so.

Amazed and disgusted, Niles slowly turns around and stares at her.

Niles: What else did you do?

Daphne: I went down to her office to see what she looks like. Well, she never found out who I was or why I was there - I know it doesn't make it okay. But I was just so worried and I had to find out who she was, and [*in tears*] I'm so sorry, I feel so ashamed! [*cries*] It was all Roz's idea!

Niles is speechless. He sits in his chair.

Daphne: Look, I know you're angry, but Niles, please, say something.

Niles: Anger doesn't begin to describe it.

Daphne: Niles...

Niles: You have violated this person's privacy. If she found out, I... they could suspend my license.

Daphne: I am so sorry.

Niles: And you don't trust me. How could you possibly think there could be somebody else?

Daphne: Because I was somebody else.

Niles: What?

Daphne: You were married to two other women while you claimed to be in love with me. Now that we're together how can I be sure, really sure, that there won't ever be another "somebody else"?

Niles: Because I would never...

He pauses, realizing he has been through this before - and perhaps that he has not yet asked himself this question.

Niles: Because this time it's different. Our love is different. It's not based on somebody's expectations or... or anything I'm supposed to be. When I was with Maris, or with Mel, I found myself thinking about you. Going about my day or even when I was in a session, I found myself thinking about you. Well, now we're together. I find myself thinking about you. It's not going to stop.

Daphne, emotional, hugs Niles dearly.

Niles: I'm still mad at you.

Daphne: I know.

FADE OUT

Credits:

In Frasier's kitchen, Martin and Frasier are attempting the "marshmallow challenge." They seem to be having fun - even though the cricket hunt seems to have been forgotten. Unnoticed by them, the floss thread now runs from their hands down to the floor and into Eddie's mouth. The killer instinct has finally shone through.

Guest Appearances

Special Appearance by

MARY HART

Guest Starring

MICHELLE STAFFORD as Heather Murphy

VIC CHAO as Assistant

Legal Stuff

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